

ANNABEL LEE.

It was many and many a year ago,
In a kingdom by the sea,
That a maiden there lived whom you may know
By the name of Annabel Lee;
And this maiden she lived with no other thought
Than to love and be loved by me.

I was a child and she was a child,
In this kingdom by the sea;
But we loved with a love that was more than love,
I and my Annabel Lee;
With a love that the winged seraphs of heaven
Coveted her and me.

And this was the reason the little one died,
In this kingdom by the sea;
That her beautiful form and her questing eyes
Were too much for the angels;
So that her high-loved kinsman came
And bore her away from me,
To shut her up in a sepulchre
In this kingdom by the sea.

The angels, not half so happy in heaven,
Went envying her and me,
Yes!—that was the reason the little one died,
In this kingdom by the sea;
That the wind came out of the cloud by night,
Chilling and killing my Annabel Lee;
But our love was stronger by far than the love
Of those who were older than we,
Of many far wiser than we,
And neither the angels in heaven above,
Nor the demons down in the sea,
Can ever dissever my soul from the soul
Of the beautiful Annabel Lee;
For the moon never beams without bringing me
Dreams of the beautiful Annabel Lee;
And the stars never rise but I feel the bright eyes
Of the beautiful Annabel Lee;
And so, all the night long, I lie down by the side
Of my darling—my darling—my life and my bride
In the sepulchre there by the sea,
In her tomb by the sounding sea.

Edgar Allan Poe.

THE LONELY SHIP.

Mary Burt in New York Home Journal.

More than a century ago, an incident occurred which took, finally, the form of narrative, and travelled from one generation to another, bearing a perplexing name.

One morning, in the autumn of 1760, a square-rigged vessel, under full sail, appeared in the harbor of Newport. This created only the ordinary interest due to the arrival of home-bound craft, for the Sea Bird, commanded by Captain Huxham, was due at this time from Bristol, and no one felt any surprise at seeing her steer toward her port. The captain's friends assembled on shore to give him greeting. As they waited and gazed, they perceived that the ship, instead of altering her course for Narragansett Bay, was running directly toward the beach. What could it mean? Voices rang out a warning of the danger. Nobody replied. Nobody heeded them. As the people looked they were filled with astonishment. Not a man was to be seen on deck. On, on, came the vessel, as if steered by a ghostly hand, and struck the shore half a dozen yards from the spot where the group was standing.

Boats were instantly put out to search into the cause of this singular proceeding. Not a human being was found on board the ship. Only a little dog, of all the living creatures who had embarked at Bristol, remained in the vessel.

A fire was still burning in the cabin, and there were signs that some preparation had been made for breakfast. The captain's journal was in order, but the log-book was missing. The boats, too, were gone. A dressing-gown lay at the foot of the stairs, as if hastily thrown off. No traces of violence or conflict were visible. Great was the mystery! Many the conjectures as to its cause. Some supposed that captain and crew had been the victims of pirates. But then how account for the orderly condition of the ship? Had the sailors, terrified by a squall, taken to the boats? Had there been any panic, and of what nature? It was easy to ask questions—impossible to answer them. No solution of the enigma could be found.

People shook their heads when it was mentioned. Some believed that invisible hands had transported the crew to another sphere, and had guided the vessel to its haven.

Here was an instance which showed that we were surrounded and possessed by spirits. Only sceptics could doubt testimony like this. Thus, for sixty years, the story lived, and the fate of Capt. Huxham and his company remained an unsolved problem.

Early in the year 1800, the ship Sol-dan, of New York, commanded by Capt. Henry Robson, ran out to Fisterbo shoals in the Baltic sea, and, being considerably damaged, was taken to the Swedish port, Ystad, for repairs. During his stay Capt. Robson heard rumors of an old man, supposed to be an American, who led an eccentric life in that little town. The captain paid a visit to his countryman, whom he found venerable of aspect and walking in the shadows cast by the passage of eighty years. Whether the fact that they were compatriots unloosed his lips, or that a guilty conscience felt weary of its burden, who can say? Speech seemed to him relief, and he related to Capt. Robson the secret of his life.

My name is Thomas Hanway. At the age of nineteen I shipped with Capt. Huxham on board the Sea Bird.

My luck was bad. The captain seemed a stern man from the first. The mate I took a fancy to. He was a good looking fellow; black-haired, black-eyed, rosy-cheeked, with white teeth, which he showed a great deal when he spoke or laughed. He had a dashing manner, too, that I liked.

But after we got to sea he changed his ways. He grew sharper than the captain—sharp as a carving-knife. I wondered how I could have ever thought him handsome. There was something in his speech that roused the evil spirit in me. He would turn round on a poor fellow and give him a stab with two civil words. I never could tell how he did it. When I repeated the words over to myself I couldn't see what there was in 'em to make me feel pricked. But I knew, too. 'Twas the mocking look in his face when he spoke. 'Twas the crafty smile that parted away from his white teeth; a smile that didn't mean good will to anybody. We had passengers on board and they all liked Mr. Rundell. He could be very pleasant to them. He could tell stories and sing

man, when he chose to put them on. We had two children on board. He amused them, was polite to their mother and had long talks with their father, who was a sea captain going out to bring home a vessel of which he was part owner. I heard him say that Mr. Rundell was a capital officer. Perhaps he was—but how he did swear at us poor fellows. If the boys' mother had known it, I don't think she would have let them listen to Mr. Rundell's stories, for fear they might hear words not good for them to know. But after all we had a nice passage, pleasant weather and a short run, and they made me forget the ugly things. I was young and strong and cheerful. I made up my mind that Mr. Rundell was to be obeyed, so long as he was my mate. I made up my mind, too, that once back in New York I wouldn't ship again with Captain Huxham. I think this resolve helped me to bear a good many hard words. In this I believe I should have succeeded if it had not been for Jack Hensdale, an English sailor, who was always having trouble with Mr. Rundell. Hensdale was my watch-mate, and I was doomed to hear continually his threats of vengeance against the man he hated. "You're a fool, Tom, to let him lord it over you so. He treats you like a dog. Why don't you turn on him and show your teeth?"

I was tempted the next afternoon to follow Jack's counsel. I asked to be let off duty. I had a bad headache and wanted to get below. Mr. Rundell looked at me with a mocking smile as I asked him to let me off. "Go to Sampson with your headache," he cried, in taunting tones. He would have said so somewhere else if Mrs. Bland hadn't been standing near.

He looked as if he wanted to spit at and spurn me. Night after night did Jack threaten what he would do to Mr. Rundell, but he never did it, and I began to turn a deaf ear to his promises of revenge. I got tired of hearing him talk on one subject and I was thankful when we neared Bristol. Now my trouble was half over. I had borne the mate's cruel treatment coming out and I could bear it going back, so I said to Jack:

"He swore at me and called me green-hand and fool. As we were going into the harbor fresh trouble arose between Hensdale and the mate."

Jack made some bold answer to Mr. Rundell, and the latter took a rope's end to him. He dodged it, ran up and made as if he would jump into the water, but remembering he would lose his chest if he did this, he turned back and went to his work. As Mr. Rundell passed he gave me some order. I despised him at that minute. I dare say I showed what I felt; for pretending that I didn't move when spoken to, he brought his fist down on me like a trip-hammer. It was hard to keep up courage under such treatment. When I reflected that I should have to bear this, and worse perhaps, on the voyage back, my good resolutions faltered.

Jack was always at my side to nurse my wrath and to tempt me. He said there wouldn't be any passengers going back, and that the mate would treat us like brutes. "Quit the vessel," he said. "Come with me, I will show you where to get gold. We'll leave these fellows and live like princes." Jack was a serpent in human form. I listened to his words, gave up my struggles, adopted his evil counsel and tried to desert with him. But our plan was thwarted. Some of our messmates got wind of it and betrayed us. We were taken prisoners, handcuffed, and put on board the Sea Bird just as she was on the point of sailing. Jack showed fight, but he was soon overpowered by two strong men. "Curse our luck," he said, as he felt himself a captive. The captain and the mate seemed like evil spirits. No pity had they in their hearts for the poor tars who had borne insult and cruelty till they could bear it no longer. I know we were deserters and deserved punishment, but we didn't deserve to be mocked at always. Mr. Rundell would cut a joke at our expense every time he passed us. The captain made his gibes, too, and the crew smiled and winked till I hated every one of them. I had got to be a bad fellow then, but I grew worse. It seemed as if the mate showed more malice every day. Jack didn't appear to mind his language, but when we were together he would swear revenge and vow to throw the mate overboard. One night I was at the helm. A rough sea was running and I couldn't prevent the ship from pitching heavily. Rundell gave me bad words, which raised my blood. Just then the fore-sheet slipped and he ordered Jack to haul it up. Jack said he couldn't do it alone. The mate went forward to lend a hand. In another minute the man that had made both of us miserable was battling with the sea. 'Twas a black night; black enough for any deed. I can see now just how the sky looked—not blue, but slate color. Every star seemed like a staring, yellow eye. They all winked as if they would pierce my soul—but I cared for nothing, even when the mate's call for help should have touched my heart. They roused the captain and crew. All flocked on deck. Cries of murder filled the air. Hensdale and I were knocked down, secured and confined. Our doom was sealed. We both felt sure of that from the first, but we were not left long in ignorance of our future. The captain visited us every day and assured us as often that we should be hung as soon as we got into port. Not a word of comfort fell from his lips, not a ray of pity beamed from his eyes as he told us what we had to expect.

It was through him that Satan visited me. I no longer cared what I did to anybody. One idea filled my mind—that of saving my life. Why should Jack and I let the captain reach land if he was going to tie us to the rope's end when he got there. I was determined against it. We began to try our iron tools to see if we could slip them off. For some time it was impossible, but by dint of working we managed to get them off and on again. This was the first step toward our freedom. We were hearing New York rapidly. The captain paid us a last visit, and grinned spitefully, as he

o'clock the next day. The time for rising had come. We slipped off our iron and went on deck. All is confusion in my mind as I try to remember what followed. I know that captain and crew were sent to their last account. One murder had reared my conscience—the others were easy—but I didn't lift my hand against the captain. Thank God for that. Neither did I lift a finger to help him. As I said before, my mind is in a whirl when I think of the bloody business which made that day black as a pit. Two natures were in me—my old self and a devil—and since I had been treated like a dog the devil had swamped Tom Hanway.

The dreadful work was finished, and Hensdale and I were masters of the ship. We had our liberty, but what should we do with it? How escape the justice awaiting us on shore?

We could not return to Newport without our captain. That would be a confession of crime. We could not enter any other harbor for the same reason. Who would believe any lies about fever, plague or pirates? No, no; we could not make any port. We must abandon the Sea Bird and take ourselves away from ugly spectators. When we came in sight of Block Island we got into our rowboat and pulled toward land, leaving the vessel to her fate. We lay in the offing till dark, then we landed. All signs of scuffle had been removed from the deck. We must complete the mystery and make away with the long boat. We loaded it with heavy stones, towed it into deep water, drew out the plug and sunk it. Then we pulled for shore, landed, and set our boat adrift. That could tell no stories. We were safe. We took the first road westward and walked all night. I felt like one stunned. Yesterday seemed like a horrible dream.

Where was my joy at finding myself free and my own master? If it had not been for Hensdale at my side, I should have thought I was dreaming still. We walked for miles without speaking a word.

Jack seemed the same as ever, but he saw I was downcast and didn't trouble me with talk. About sunrise we found ourselves within a few miles of Stonington. Here we separated. Jack divided with me a sum of money, taken from the captain's desk.

"Cheer up, old fellow, and good luck! We'd better part. I know where fortune is waiting for me. There are brave men down in the Gulf, who make money easy enough. They've asked me to join 'em. Now's my time. A rover's life isn't so bad. Gold, spices, silks to be had in plenty if a fellow's got pluck. Go with me, Tom, or join me later. We mustn't keep together here."

"I have had enough of rover's work, Hensdale."

"Come, come, don't be down-hearted. You'll do. But, speaking low, 'you've got to take care of yourself. Good luck! Tom, and if you won't join me, good-by."

He wrung my hand and was gone. I never saw him again.

I had the luck he wished me. I found a sloop bound to New York. I took passage in her, though I felt I was treading close to danger. But I didn't stay in New York. As soon as I got there, I heard that a vessel had arrived in Newport without a man on board. It seemed as if punishment was all ready for me. I didn't wait to hear anything else, but shipped for Copenhagen. From there I came to Ystad, where I have passed many years. I learned the Swedish language and soon found enough employment to maintain me. Ever since that dark night and dreadful day I have lived an honest man. There are times when I think God may forgive me and that an innocent life of sixty years may weigh in his sight against the sins of my youth.

"May I ask why you tell me this horrible tale?" inquired a young man, who had listened to the above recital.

"Because you say you are going to be a sea-captain, and I want you to know something of the injustice shown toward sailors, also the results arising from their cruel treatment."

"They are rascals, villains, criminals!"

"Yes, and who helped to make them all these?"

"Do you think I shall turn into a tiger when I go to sea?"

"You will have power, and power is everywhere a danger—and you will have a mate."

"I don't believe one word of the story."

The account was found among Captain Robinson's papers after his death.

Frank Leslie's Popular Monthly for September opens with a timely and able article on "The Presidential Canvass of 1884," with nine illustrations, including portraits of the candidates, etc. Norton Rutherford has an interesting article, "Across the Pampas," with eight illustrations. Dnyekinek's "New York After the Revolution" (nine illustrations), "Hunting an Empire's Ghost," by Alfred Tumble (illustrated), "The Scientific Schools of the United States," by E. J. Hullock, Ph. D. (twelve illustrations), and "Chamouni," by Frederick Daniel (illustrated), are noteworthy features of the number. The department of Fiction, Sketches, Adventures, etc., contain contributions by H. Cleveland Ward, Annie Thomas, E. V. Hastings, etc. Rita W. Pierce continues her deeply interesting serial, "A Dark Deed." The poems are by Mrs. Dennison and others. There are also a large variety of short articles, anecdotes, paragraphs, etc., over 100 illustrations, and a beautiful colored frontispiece, "The Bitter with the Sweet." The 128 quarto pages of valuable and delightful reading are sold for 25 cents; yearly subscription \$2.50, postpaid. Mrs. Frank Leslie, Publisher, New York.

Excited Thousands

All over the land are going into ecstasy over Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption. Their outlook for recovery by the timely use of this great life-saving remedy, causes them to go nearly wild in its praise. It is guaranteed to positively cure Severe Coughs, Croup, Asthma, Hay Fever, Bronchitis, Hoarseness, Loss of Voice, or any affection of the Throat and Lungs. Trial Bottles free at W. H. K. Tuttle's Drug Store. Large size \$1.00.

Corns, warts, bunions, and moles promptly removed by Hays' Radical Cures Remover.

NORTH CAROLINA.

Some of Its Advantages Set Forth to a Rockland Captain.

Capt. Hanson Gregory, Jr., of this city, has handed us the letter printed below, written by Nathaniel Atkinson of Asheville, N. C. So interesting is the communication that we print in full:

I am glad of an opportunity to write you a short letter setting forth a few of the advantages of this our beautiful mountain country; and you are at liberty to use the same in any way of interest to your people.

Asheville, which has been called the "Capital" of western North Carolina, is situated in the high table lands of the mountains, surrounded in every direction by the beautiful high peaks and mountain scenery of 2250 feet above tide water, and is one of the most prosperous and interesting little cities on the continent. It is a great resort both winter and summer for people who seek health, pleasure and rest. It is as well as all the surrounding country, is absolutely free from all malarial diseases, and has a climate so delightful and healthful that its fame has gone to almost every section of the Union. This is shown by the fact that many of the most noted physicians in every section of the country, north, east and west as well as south are sending their patients here, as a health resort. Many who have come with lung and throat diseases have been entirely relieved, and no one ever came, who has not received benefit from our dry, bracing atmosphere.

The city has a population of about 3500 and is rapidly increasing, having added, of this population, 1500 within the last twelve months. It is now in railroad communication with the outside world and can be approached by rail from three directions and within a short time we confidently look for the completion of two more roads, both of which will pass through the place. We have good schools both male and female besides churches of almost all denominations.

The surrounding country is well adapted to farming, stock raising and fruit growing. The soil is rich and exceedingly productive, producing almost every crop grown within the temperate zone, except cotton and sugar cane.

The fine specimens of oaks and grass shown you in my office (the former measuring near eight feet, and the latter, timothy and red-top, six feet) gives you some idea of what our soil and climate is capable of, under proper culture. I will give you a few instances of large yields where extra pains were taken: 150 bushels of Irish potatoes, 80,000 lbs. of cabbage to the acre, and I have it from the very best authority that 150 bushels of apples were gathered from a single apple tree in one season. I exhibited at the Centennial the apples from this (Bluebonnet) and Haywood counties and took one of the first medals. I also took the "Wildier" medal at the American Pomological Society's meeting at Baltimore in 1877, for 100 varieties of apples.

Our section is best adapted to grazing, fruit growing, the raising of cabbages, Irish potatoes, all kinds of root crops, and last, but not least, fine, bright yellow tobacco. There was sold at this market, last year, 3,000,000 lbs. of tobacco, and at a higher average than any other place in the states, as I am informed. There are several instances where the planters made over \$500 to the acre, but no one, I think, made less than \$50 to the acre. The plant the coming season, it is believed, will be four times that of last year. If the price of tobacco continues as at present for a few years, our section will certainly be one of the most prosperous in the Union.

We invite the immigration of good and industrious people from every section, whether they have money or not. Our people, as you will testify, are kind, hospitable and will welcome the experienced farmer and mechanic from Maine as heartily as if he were from South Carolina. We already have many northern people here, and many more are preparing to come, and they will be but too glad to testify to the kind treatment they have received. No one is asked about his politics, as no one cares, and neither his social standing nor his business interests are in the least disturbed, let them be what they may.

Over three-fourths of our county is yet in its native virgin growth. Our timber is scarcely surpassed by any on the continent. We have pine, yellow poplar, that will cut from five to eight thousand feet of timber to the tree. We have, besides, oak of all kinds, chestnut, walnut, hickory, pine, locust, bass, mountain mahogany, maple, birch and many other varieties of timber. Large tracts of timber and wild grazing lands can yet be bought cheap, prices ranging from \$1 to \$5 per acre, according to quality and proximity to market. Here is the finest opening for the manufacture of all kinds of articles and implements that are made of wood. Asheville will offer inducements to any party or parties with capital, who will come here and commence the manufacture of wagons, plows, farm implements, furniture, wood pulp, etc. Our water power is sufficient to turn the machinery of the world and this we will "fling in" as a further inducement.

The thermometer ranges from zero (rarely) in the winter to 90 (rarely) in the hottest summer day. I heard Gen. T. L. Clingman, an old citizen of the place, say that today was the hottest day he had ever experienced in this section. It stood today 70 degrees at 7:30 o'clock and 90 degrees at 3 p. m. The nights are just delightful as you can testify. Rarely a night passes that you do not have to draw on your blanket or comforter. I will gladly answer any letters making further inquiry from any one, who may address me at this place. I will leave you to tell of our minerals, of which we have plenty, when you get home.

THROW AWAY HIS CRUTCHES
"Suffered from rheumatism so badly had to use crutches, but threw them away after applying Thompson's Electric Oil to my limbs. I now feel better than I have for years." F. L.

ANNIE LOGAN'S FATE.

A Life Wrecked at its Beginning Closed By Death.

At 5 o'clock Saturday night, a hearse, followed by one carriage, drove up to the Erie cemetery in Cleveland, Ohio. A plain coffin was lifted out, carried to a freshly dug grave, and hastily covered up. In the presence of three well-dressed women. The burial permit showed that the body was of that Annie Logan, 18 years of age, of 63 Michigan street, and that she died of consumption.

Fifteen months ago Annie Logan, the petted daughter of a New York merchant, became acquainted with a girl, also of good family, who had fallen a victim to the wiles of the man to whom she was engaged to be married. Fearing detection, she fled, and Annie, in a freak of thoughtlessness, accompanied her. The two went to Pittsburgh, where they fell in with some fast young men, and from that time Annie's downfall was rapid. Her companion left her and went to Boston. Annie came to Cleveland, and went by the name of Ida Bowers. She was a handsome girl, refined and educated, and her spirit at first rebelled against her condition, but in strong drink she soon drowned her conscience. Some weeks ago she took cold, which developed into consumption. The woman with whom she lived sent her to the charity hospital, and on Thursday night she died.

A BRIGHT IDEA.

Kentucky State Journal.

"Jim, you are not going to have the rear windows of your new house the same size as the front ones, are you?"

"Yes, exactly the same size."

"And why?"

"Well, you see when a servant girl is set to cleaning windows the back windows are never half cleaned, so great is her hurry to get at the front ones, where she can see out the street, and they are rubbed until the paint all becomes rubbed off; so by having the windows all of a size I can change the rear and front ones occasionally and thus all will get an average cleaning during the year and all can be repainted at the same time."

"Good idea, Jim. I'll have mine the same."

General Butler arrived at Grand Rapids, Michigan, Tuesday morning, accompanied by N. A. Plympton. He was met at the depot by a procession in carriages and 5,000 or 4,000 persons were at the hotel waiting his arrival. An hour or more of the forenoon was given to a personal reception. He spoke in the afternoon.

A CLERGYMAN'S TESTIMONY.

W. E. Gifford, Pastor M. E. Church, Bothwell, Ont., was for two years a sufferer with Dyspepsia in its worst form, until as he states, "it became an actual torment." Three bottles of Burdock Blood Bitters cured him and he tells us in a recent letter that he considers it the best family medicine now before the country for dyspepsia and liver complaint.

In the Hop Plaster are united Fresh Hops, Gums and Balsams, and its power is wonderful in curing Back Ache, Sprains, Bruises, Neuralgia, Pain in the Side or Stomach anywhere. Thousands testify to this.

IMPORTANT.

When you visit or leave New York city, save baggage Expressing and Carriage Hire, stop at the Grand Union Hotel, opposite Grand Central Depot. 600 elegant rooms fitted up at a cost of one million dollars, reduced to \$1 and upwards per day. European plan. Elevator. Restaurant supplied with the best of food, cigars, and elevated railroad to all depots. Families can live for less money at the Grand Union Hotel than any other first-class hotel in the city. Jan. 1.

"Rough on Rats" clears out Rats, Mice, 15c.

"Rough on Corns," for Corns, Bunions, 15c.

This people, "Wells' Health Renewer" restores health and vigor, cures dyspepsia, 5c. \$1.

"Rough on Toothache," instant relief. 15c.

Ladies who would retain freshness and vivacity don't fail to try "Wells' Health Renewer."

"Buchu-palpa," great kidney and urinary cure.

Flies, roaches, ants, bed-bugs, rats, mice, cleared out by "Rough on Rats," 15c.

"Rough on Coughs," coughs, 15c; Hooid, 25c.

For children, show in development, puny and delicate, use "Wells' Health Renewer."

"Rough on Dentist" Tooth Powder. Try it. 15c.

Nervous Weakness, Dyspepsia, Sexual Debility cured by "Wells' Health Renewer." \$1.

Mother Swan's Worm Syrup, for feverishness, worms, constipation; tasteless. 25c.

Stinging, Irritation, all Kidney and Urinary complaints cured by "Buchu-palpa." \$1.

Night sweats, fever, chills, malaria, dyspepsia, cured by "Wells' Health Renewer."

My husband (writes a lady) is three times the man since using "Wells' Health Renewer."

If you are falling, broken, worn out and nervous, use "Wells' Health Renewer." \$1.

Prevalence of Kidney complaint in America; "Buchu-palpa" is a quick, complete cure. \$1.

A PRAYER.

Goes up from the lips of Rev. C. D. Diggs, of Trenton, N. Y., whose wife was cured of Rheumatism of three years' standing by the use of Attilaphorus. He writes: "Attilaphorus worked like a charm in her case. She was not able to go anywhere for three years. Now she goes everywhere, and is sound as a dollar. Oh that your remedy could be in the hands of every sufferer. May the Lord help you to get it abroad in this part of the world."

THE FORSAKEN OF LIFE is the blood, which can be purified by the use of the true "L. F." Atwood Bitters, "L. F."

'TIS A WISE WOMAN
Who will profit by the experience of others. The many millions of packages of PYLE'S PEARLINE sold annually, prove it a practical article. Beware of imitations.

Castoria.
When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria. When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria. When she was a Miss, she clung to Castoria. When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

Bucklen's Arnica Salve.

The BEST SALVE in the world for Cuts, Bruises, Burns, Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fingers, Tetter, Chapped Hands, Chilblains, Corns, and all Skin Eruptions, and positively cures Piles or it pays. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale by

THE BEST SALVE in the world for Cuts, Bruises, Burns, Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fingers, Tetter, Chapped Hands, Chilblains, Corns, and all Skin Eruptions, and positively cures Piles or it pays. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale by

THROW AWAY HIS CRUTCHES
"Suffered from rheumatism so badly had to use crutches, but threw them away after applying Thompson's Electric Oil to my limbs. I now feel better than I have for years." F. L.

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Breakfast Cocoa.
Warranted absolutely pure
Cocoa, from which the excess of
Oil has been removed. It has three
times the strength of Cocoa mixed
with Starch, Arrowroot or Sugar,
and is therefore far more economical.
It is delicious, nourishing,
strengthening, easily digested, and
admirably adapted for invalids as
well as for persons in health.

Sold by Grocers everywhere.

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CANVASSERS and others wanted for an article that has just been introduced in this State, and on which there is no competition. No talking necessary to sell, as it is needed in every family, and recommends itself.

Agents Successful Everywhere!

Men of ability are realizing \$4.00 or \$5.00 per day. Investigate this if you want a solid, permanent, paying and lucrative business, already established by the success of our agents.

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In the U. S. A. and your boys
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MENDLER CO. each pair.
Beware of imitations with
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DUPPLICATE. If you buy
these shoes, they are as good as
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CUSTOM BOOTS AND SHOES,

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Where their wants will be attended to. **BOOTS**

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Stock, by first-class workmen and

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Done with neatness, and promptly attended to.

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